

BOOK-MAKERS, BOOK-WRITERS and BOOK-READERS

an avatar which left its essence unchanged. It was even worse, for it was less sincerely and forcibly written, and it could not be so quickly worn out and thrown away. Its beauty of paper, print and binding gave it a claim to regard which could not be ignored, and established for it a sort of right to lie upon the table, and then stand upon the shelf, where it seemed to relate itself to genuine literature and to be of the same rank and image.

Premier Balfour is, of course, no end of a personage. It seems that he has literary instincts besides—a feeling for cash—for he charged a round figure for his recent fiscal pamphlet. As an official document, it would be supposed that distribution and not receipts was the aim. It appeared, however, under a pretentious cover and the newspapers were limited as to the length of verbatim quotations.

American statesmen and politicians are not so particular. Imagine Mr. Harry Hawes for instance making \$15.00 out of his speech, the amount which Balfour is credited with having realized. Over here, our orators and debaters upon fiscal and other questions, not only give away their written sentiments, but pay good hard money to distribute them broadcast.

"Every man his own reviewer" is an idea not brand new, but nevertheless new, in the literary world. Andrew Lang has exploited the notion fully and well. Memory has it that the Paris Plateau originated the proposal and induced operatic performers to write their opinions of their own work.

The bookman of this month prints, not exactly authors' reviews, but a few authors' opinions of reviewers, which approaches the same end. These sentiments are not without interest. Excerpts follow:

Thomas Dixon, speaking of his latest novel, "The One Woman":

"The purpose of my last novel was to strike radical Socialism as dead a blow as I could possibly give in a story of elemental passions which would appeal directly and powerfully to the mind of the average reader. Yet a reviewer in a city which claims to be one of the literary centers of America attacked the book furiously because of its advocacy of Socialistic doctrine. When a distinguished citizen replied expressing his amazement at such an assertion, the reviewer stuck to it.

"One of the most amusing criticisms I ever received appeared recently in New York in a famous demagogical periodical with literary aspirations. It reads as follows:

"A dime novel except for price, typography, and a touch of the macabre—a triumph of crudeness and vulgarity. 'I could but exclaim, 'Et tu, Brute!'

"I was once a subscriber for this periodical, and shall I confess it?—wrote for it."

"Honest criticism is simply the expression of the personality of the critic, his own definition of his tastes, capacities and powers. The personal equation of the author is the secret of all power in his book. It is nonsense for him to object to this bias in his critic."

"Any criticism is well founded that is built squarely and honestly on the personal point of view of the critic. Lucky is the writer about whose work critics violently disagree."

Herman Knickerbocker Viele says:

"I have small patience with a writer who covers a game at his reviews. They may be no more mirrors than the plates of glass between the customer and the wares exposed for sale, but still they

serve to show one often if one's literary hat is on straight."

S. P. McLean Green writes:

"I do not rely upon book reviews. The whole matter is a doubtful equation. I do not subscribe for reviews of my books, and I see only those that come to me by chance. Doubtless some of them are written by the most discerning of minds and with a strict regard for the truth as it appears to the individual critic. Doubtless, some of them are shallow or biased by the mood of the critic. Surely it is better that an author should not pay great regard to them.

"His work is a work of patience, steady and persistent, however much joy he may

early in that distinguished novelist's career, a writer in the Booklover has this to say:

"These lyrics are mostly of a philosophical character, but always truly poetical because they are always expressive of emotion, sometimes of a purely sentimental emotion, but mainly of a sort of emotion which two or three years ago in a little essay on modern art I called 'the emotion of the intellect.'"

"A brooding melancholy, resultant of



GERALDINE BONNER
AUTHOR OF
"TOMORROW'S TANGLE"

find in it. The toll itself is all that can lead him higher, to correct his faults, as far as he may, above all to follow in his work his truest ideals without regard to praise or blame, to speak in a way ever more clear, direct from the heart.

David Graham Phillips defends newspaper reviewers:

"The newspaper reviewer seems less burdened, as a rule, by the thought of his duty to be profound and to express himself in professional argot. He seems to strive after alertness and directness rather than after 'weight' and 'authority.' However, of late ponderosity and the use of artificial flowers and fruit of so-called 'style' are almost as much frowned on in the magazine as in the newspaper."

"And if the author has been unable to compel the critics to sympathize, I cannot see how he has any right to complain that they refuse to look at his work from its point of view."

"Probably no man is great enough to like blame, even if deserved, better than praise, even if undeserving. But it seems to me that any man who hopes to learn to work well must first learn to prefer to praise the criticism which picks him to pieces in order that he may put himself together the better."

Of the poetry by W. D. Howells, written



HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

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trust in counsel who failed not, neither was weary, and who, when old friends fell from the old veteran like leaves in autumn, clung to him with a love greater than that of a brother."

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin seems to have repeated her "Penelope" success with "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." While Mrs. Wiggin's work is marked by a note of pathos, witness "The Birds' Christmas Carol," the touch of humor predominates, and it is humor that greases the axle on which the world revolves. We are supposed to be a frivolous people, and so we are on the surface, but we work so hard that we have got to laugh as an outlet, and you will find that most successful books and plays have humor as their predominant note.—The Critic.

This fall has been rich in biography. Besides those named there is M. de Bioritz's "My Memoirs." It is like this amusing egotist to give his book so personal a title, but we will not quarrel with the title nor the egotism, for it is the latter quality that makes the book so entertaining.—The Critic.

Although Winston Churchill has been averse to the serial publication of his books before their issue in book form, certain historical portions of his new novel will appear in Collier's Weekly, beginning with the December 5 number. They will be entitled "The Bordenland," and will tell the story of the famous Indian campaign under George Rogers Clark. One of the scenes describes Moultrie at the battle of Charleston, and introduces such characters as Daniel Boone and Andrew Jackson. The complete novel will be brought out early in January by The Macmillan Company under the title "The Crossing."

Edward Porritt, in the course of his preface to "The Unreformed House of Commons," published by the Macmillan Company, states that at least five-sevenths of the research necessary for the writing of these volumes on British and Irish affairs has been done in American libraries.

A COMPLETE BOOK STORE.

Grand-Leader's Book Department Has This Distinction.

A commodious, well-stocked and easily accessible book store is that of the Grand-Leader. This concern has built a special balcony on the main floor for this department. Being apart from the rest of the store, one is not interfered with by the crowds, and then it is easily reached. There is a stairway leading up to the balcony at the west Washington avenue entrance and at the Broadway entrance, thus one is not compelled to go through the entire store to get to the book section.

The thousands of volumes are all displayed, so one may look them over. Each little nook and corner is accessible, and divisions have been made of the different classes of books. It will not be necessary to wade through a lot of fiction to find any historical work, nor will it be necessary to go over volumes of poems, history, etc., to find books for boys, girls or children. Each classification is nicely made, the titles are clearly visible and are conspicuously displayed, so one is not required to turn to a salesperson to learn the cost of any book.

In the children's section a number of new books are shown, among them "Mother Goose," by Mrs. G. A. Henty. The title is suggestive of the character of the book. There is no better food for the soul of the young and manly boy than the works of Alger, Optic, Verne, Olla, Castellan and others. The new calendars are very beautiful and are shown in complete variety.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cherry Walts, who died a few weeks ago, was by way of making a real success in literature. Her "Pa Gladstone" stories have been among the most read and most enjoyed of any of the Century Magazine's serials. Mrs. Walts had a keen sense of humor, and she knew how to tell a story. The "Pa Gladstone" stories were written by the light of the midnight oil. There was no harder working journalist in the country than Mrs. Walts. She was the literary editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal.

Mrs. Walts was a woman of high character and high ability. She was a friend of the unsatisfied cravings of a high, idealistic intelligence, pervades the volume. ('Steps of Various Quills.') But this melancholy is lit up with a gleam here and there of vague, undelimited faith and trust in things as they are, in the power behind good and evil, in the ultimate issue of all. The poems are intense but sober, often prompted by spiritual pain, but with calm and serene. It is true that their tone seems sometimes overmodest, but that this tone is the echo of real feeling and is no mere affectation."

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WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Doctor Weir Mitchell has been "absorbing" the personality of so exalted a personage as George Washington. He imagines the Father of Our Country in his old age at Mount Vernon recording with his own pen the story of his "youthful life and influences that affected it for good or ill."

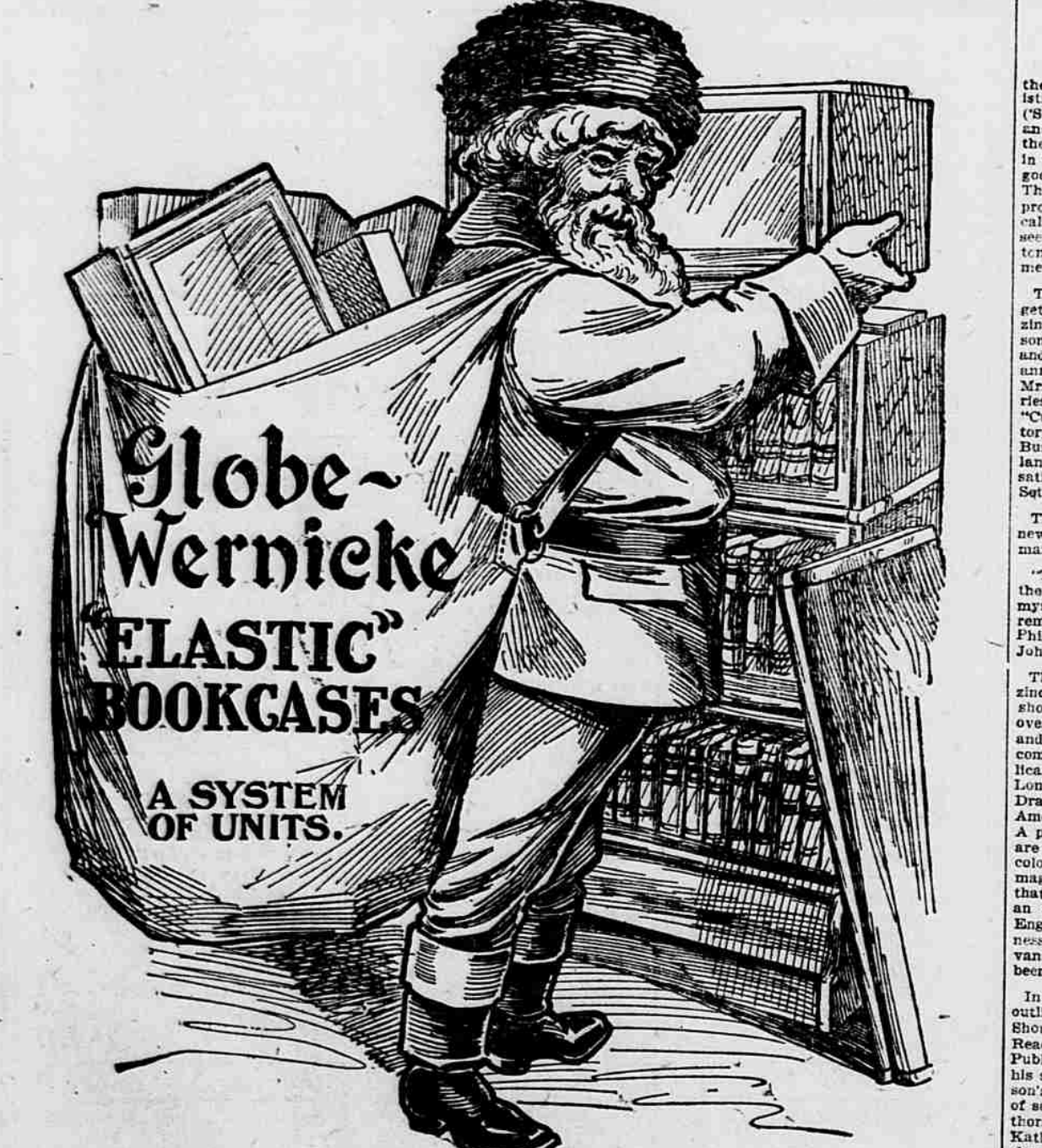
It will first appear as a serial in the Century. "The author has so fully entered into the habit of mind of Washington," says his publisher, "that it is impossible for the ordinary reader to separate in the text the passages taken from his actual writings from those which Doctor Mitchell imagines him to write."

Were another than one of Doctor Mitchell's standing to attempt such a radical form of interpretation biography is its habit of mind of Washington. We are like the anxious to know whether Mr. Calne, following in the line of "The Maximian," will call his new book, "The Maximian."

Hall Calne, we all know well, too well, many think. Hall Calne, the best of them man who ever put pen to paper, has the distinction of being considered in many quarters what is graphically termed a "false alarm." As to the correctness of such a judgment, we are not at this particular moment concerned.

The point is that Mr. Calne has gone to Iceland, there to make studies for his next novel, the plot of which will lie partly there and partly in London. We are like the anxious to know whether Mr. Calne, following in the line of "The Maximian," will call his new book, "The Maximian."

W. D. Howells recently wrote in Harper's: "The dollar and a half novel of yesterday was the dime novel of yesterday in



An Ideal Xmas Present

Just the thing for father, mother, brother, sister, relative or friend—something that fits any library or any purse. The Globe-Wernicke "Elastic" Bookcase encourages good reading and the collecting of good books. It's the corner stone of a good library and a higher education. The original and only perfect sectional bookcase made and sold at the lowest price. Call and examine our stock now while the assortment is complete.

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New Books for Girls.

Heaven Grant's School Days, by Amanda Douglas.
A Little Girl in Old St. Louis, by Amanda Douglas.
Silver Linings, by Nina Rhodes.
The Story of the Gravelly, by Author of Beautiful Joe.
When Grandmamma Was New, by Marion Harland.
The Girl Rough Riders, by Ingraham.
A Daughter of the Rich, by M. E. Walker.
Elizabeth's Charm String, by Cora B. Forbes.
The Golden Red Fairy Book, by Esther Singleton.
Elsie and Her Loved Ones, the new Elsie Book.
Thistle-down, by Mrs. Jameson.
The Little Colonel at Boarding School, by Anna Fel-lows Johnston.
Wings and Fetters, by Florence Kingsley.
At Aunt Anna's, by Marian Taggart.

SETS FOR GIRLS.

Kathies Stories, by Amanda Douglas.
Margaret Montford Series, by Laura Richards.
Fireside Stories, Old and New, by Coates.
Jolly Good Times, by Smith.
Quinebasset Series, by Sophia May.
Little Prudy Series, by Sophia May.
Dotty Dimple Series, by Sophia May.

New Books for Boys.

In Defense of the Flag, by E. S. Brooks.
The Blue and Grey on Land, by Oliver Optic.
The Last of the Flatboats, by Eggleston.
The Spy of Yorktown, by W. O. Stoddard.
Ahead of the Army, by W. O. Stoddard.
The Giant of Three Wars, by Barnes.
Sea Scamps, by Rowlands.
Defending the Bank, by Edward Van Zile.
The Treasure of Shag Rock, A Story of Adventure, by Robert Lloyd.
On Special Assignment, by S. I. Clover.
With the Allies to Pekin, by G. A. Henty.
Through Three Campaigns, by G. A. Henty.
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